

T W O
P O E M S

V I Z.

I. On the DELUGE, PARADISE,
The Burning of the WORLD, and
of the New HEAVENS and New
EARTH. An Ode to Dr. *Burnett*.

II. In Praise of PHYSIC and POETRY.
An Ode to Dr. *Hannes*.

Written by Mr. ADDISON.



L O N D O N :

Printed for E. CURLL in *Fleet-street*. 1718.

Price Six Pence.

PROOF SHEETS

I. On the DEUCE, PARADISE,
The Building of the DEUCE PARADISE,
of the Building of the DEUCE, and
EARL the AN ODE to the DEUCE, and
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II. In Praise of the DEUCE and
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WILLIAM ADDISON.



LONDON:
Printed for E. CURRIE in Pall-mall, 1716.
Price Six Pence.

Mr. CURLL,

Univ. Coll. Oxon.

April 13. 1718.



OUR Design of obliging the Public with a correct Edition of all Mr. ADDISON'S *Latin* Poems, and Translations of them, meets here with a general Approbation.

According to my Promise I have sent you the Two ODES: You promis'd to conceal my Name, which I insist on. I will be answerable to the World for the Justness of the Translation, and hitting the AUTHOR'S Mind; omitting, I think, no Emphatical Beauty or Turn Mr. ADDISON has express'd in the Original. Next Week you shall have (what I can't

A 2 help

help calling Mr. ADDISON'S Master-Piece) his P O E M on the Peace of *Reswick* ; upon the Publication of which, the *English* Reader will see what Havock has been made of this Performance, by all the modern Poets who have wrote upon that Subject ; and whatever Beauties have been admir'd in their Works, are owing to this excellent Original. The Battle of the *Pygmies* and *Cranes*, The *Puppet-show*, The *Bowling-green*, and The *Barometer*, you shall have with all convenient Speed.

Yours, &c.

Ad Insignissimum Virum
D. THO. BURNETTUM,
Sacrae Theoriae Telluris Autorem.

NON usitatum carminis alitem,
BURNETTE, poscis, non humiles modos :
Vulgare plectrum, languidæque
Respuis officium camœnæ.

Tu mixta rerum semina conscius,
Molémque cernis dissociabilem,
Terrámque concretam, & latentem
Oceanum gremio capaci :
Dum veritatem quærere pertinax
Ignota pandis, sollicitus parùm
Utcunque stet commune vulgi
Arbitrium & popularis error.
Auditur ingens continuo fragor,
Illapsa tellus lubrica deserit
Fundamina, & compage fractâ
Suppositas gravis urget undas.
Impulsus erumpit medius liquor,
Terras aquarum effusa licentia
Claudit vicissim ; has inter orbis
Reliquiæ fluitant prioris.
Nunc & recluso carcere lucidam
Balæna spectat solis imaginem,
Stellâsque miratur natantes,
Et tremulæ simulacra lunæ.

Quæ

Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis!
Qualis calefcit spiritus ingeni!
Ut tollis undas! ut frementem
Diluvii reprimis tumultum!
Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non tremiscens & timido pede
Incedat, orbis dum dolosi
Detegis instabiles ruinas?
Quin hæc cadentùm fragmina montium
Natura vultum sumere simplicem
Coget refingens, in priorem
Mox iterum reditura formam.
Nimbus rubentem sulphureis Jovem
Cernas; ut udis sævit atrox Hyems
Incendiis, commune mundo
Et populis meditata Bustum!
Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives,
Et mox liquefcens ipse adamantinum
Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
Saxa fluunt resoluta valles.
Jamque alta cœli mœnia corruunt,
Et vestra tandem pagina (proh nefas!)
BURNETTE, vestra augebit ignes,
Heu focio peritura mundo.
Mox æqua tellus, mox subitus viror
Ubique rident: En teretem Globum!
En læta vernantis Favoni
Flamina, perpetuósque flores!
O pectus ingens! O, animum gravem,
Mundi capacem! si bonus auguror,
Te, nostra quo tellus superbit,
Accipiet renovata civem.



A N
O D E

To the Learned
Dr. *Thomas Burnett*,
AUTHOR of *The Theory of the*
EARTH.

I.

N O common Height the Muse must soar;
That wou'd thy Fame in Numberstry;
Nor dare in humble Verse adore,
But rise with Thee above the Sky:
You ask a bold and lofty strain,
And what we meanly sing, disdain.

B

H. You

II.

You Nature's early Birth explore,
 Her disunited Frame disclose,
 From what mix'd Cause, and jarring Power,
 The Infant Earth to Being rose:
 How, in her Circling Bosom sleep
 Th' imprison'd Seas, and Bounded Deep.

III.

Resolv'd great hidden Truths to trace,
 Each Learned Fable you despise;
 And, pleas'd, enjoy the fam'd disgrace,
 To think, and reason, *singly wise*:
 Each Tale reject by Time allow'd,
 And nobly leave the erring Crowd.

IV. Hark!

IV.

Hark! from her weak Foundations tore,
The bursting Earth afunder flies,
And, prop'd by yielding Seas no more,
The dreadful Crack alarms the Skies :
Whose Arches rent, their Weight forego,
And plunge in opening Gulphs below.

V.

Now rushing from their watry Bed,
The *driving* Waves disdain a shore ;
And with resistless Force o'erspread
That Orb, which check'd their Rage before :
While scattered o'er the foamy Tide,
All Nature's floating Ruins ride.

VI.

New Heavens disclos'd, the Silver Train
The SUN beneath their Waves admire ;
And gliding thro' th' enlight'ned Main,
Gaze at each STAR's diminish'd Fire.
Well pleas'd, the MOON's bright Orb survey,
Trembling along their Azure Way.

VII.

How strong each Line, each Thought how great
With what an Energy you rise !
How shines each Fancy ? with what Heat
Does every glowing Page surprize ?
While spouting Oceans upward flow,
Or sink again to Caves below.

VIII. As

VIII.

As Nature's Doom you thus impart,
 The moving Scene we scarce endure;
 But, shrinking, ask our anxious Heart,
 If on our Earth we tread secure?
 Whose Fate unmov'd, as you pursue,
 We start and tremble but to view.

IX.

Yet *these* Remains, we now behold,
 Which Tow'ring once in Hills arose;
 Shall from a New and fairer Mould
 A New and fairer Earth compose:
 Which to her Fate shall Owe her Bloom,
 And rise more lovely from her Tomb.

X. Yet

X.

Yet see *This* beauteous Fabrick end,
This Second Pride of Fate expire ;
While gushing from the Clouds descend
The Burning Storm, the Liquid Fire ;
Where Worlds and Men consuming lie,
And in One bright Confusion Die.

XI.

Their naked Tops the Hills admire,
No longer white with fleecy Dew ;
And as they moan the spreading Fire,
Add to the Flames dissolving too ;
While Rocks from melting Mountains flow,
And roll in Streams thro' Vales below,

XII. And

XII.

And now the Kindling Orbs on high
All Nature's mournful End proclaim;
When thy great W O R K, (Alas!) must die;
And feed the rich victorious Flame:
Give Vigour to the wasting Fire,
And with the World too soon expire.

XIII.

Once more her Bloom the Earth renews,
Smooth'd into Green, eternal Vales;
Her Glebe still moist with fragrant Dews,
Her Air *still* rich with balmy Gales:
No Change her Flowry Seasons breed,
But Springs retire, and Springs succeed.

XIV. Oh

XIV.

Oh say, *Thou* Great, *Thou* Sacred Name;
 What Scenes Thy thoughtful Breast employ;
 Capacious as that mighty Frame
 You raise with Ease, with Ease destroy?
 Each World shall boast thy Fame; and *You*;
 Who charm'd the *OLD*, shall grace the
NEW.



A D

D. D. HANNES,

INSIGNISSIMUM

MEDICUM & POETAM.

O QUI canoro blandius Orpheo
Vocale ducis carmen, & exitu
Feliciore luctuosis
Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris,

Jam seu solutos in numerum pedes

Cogis, vel ægrum & vix animæ tenax

Corpus tueris, seu cadaver

Luminibus penetras acutis;

Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,

Frontemque curis sollicitam explica,

Scyphumque jucundus require

Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.

Nunc plena magni pocula postules

Memor WILHELMI, nunc moveat fitim

Minister ingens, Imperique

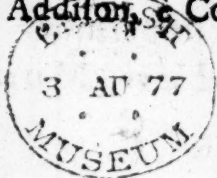
Præsidium haud leve, MONTACUTUS.

C

Omitte

Omitte tandem triste negotium
 Gravésque curas, heu nimium pius!
 Nec cæteros cautus mederi
 Ipse tuam minuas salutem.
 Frustra cruorem pulsibus incitis
 Ebullientem pollice comprimis,
 Attentus explorare venam.
 Quæ febris exagitet tumentem :
 Frustra liquores quot Chymica expedit
 Fornax, & error sanguinis, & vigor
 Innatus herbis te fatigant :
 Seriùs aut citiùs sepulchro
 Debemur omnes, vitæque deseret
 Expulsa morbis corpus inhospitum,
 Lentumque deslebunt nepotes
 (Reliquias Animæ) cadaver.
 Manes videbis Tu quoque fabulas,
 Quos pauciores fecerit Ars tua ;
 Suumque victorem vicissim
 Subjiciet Libitina victrix.
 Decurrit illi vita beatior
 Quicumque Lucem non nimis anxius
 Reddit molestam, urgere curas
 Sponte suâ satis ingruentes ;
 Et quem dierum lene fluentium
 Delectat ordo, vitæque mutuis
 Felix amicis, gaudiisque
 Innocuis benè temperata,

Jo. Addison, Coll. Magd. Oxon. 1699,



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AN
ODE
TO
Dr. HANNES,
An Eminent
PHYSICIAN and POET.

I.
WHILE flying o'er the Golden Strings,
You gently wake the tuneful Lyre ;
Or tender, as when ORPHEUS sings,
With *softer* Sounds the Harp inspire :
Sad fleeting Ghosts with Art constrain
Back to a *kinder Life* again.

C 2

II. Whether,

II.

Whether, in graceful Lays you shine,
 And Verse your easy Hours employ;
 Or give the Soul, her mouldring Shrine
 Decay'd, a *Fairer* to enjoy:
 The Body, cold in Death, explore
 Thy Skill could only, *not* restore.

III.

Awhile thy learned Toil decline,
 Nor anxious more, in smiles allow
 The Circling Glafs, the Generous Wine,
 T' unbend, and smoothe thy chearful Brow:
 Nor longer to *thy self* severe,
 In the rich Draught forget thy care.

IV. Now

IV.

Now with thy Monarch's Glory fill'd,
 Let Great NASSAU thy Thirst inflame;
 Or by his MOUNTAGUE* inspir'd,
 Record the Patriot's faithful Name:
 By whose wise Arts, and watchful Pains,
 HE Rules in Peace, in Safety Reigns!

V.

At length thy mournful Task forbear,
 From sad'ning Thoughts some respite find;
 And while we bless thy pious Care,
 Be to thy self, in pity, kind:
 Inspir'd with your own Blessings, live;
 Nor want Your self that Bloom you give.

* The late Earl of Halifax.

VI.

In vain the Blood's tumultuous Tide,
 And circling Stream your Hand restrains ;
 Taught o'er the Pulses to preside,
 And well explore the bubbling Veins :
 That with the Fever's swelling Heat
 Glow *more* inflam'd, *more* fiercely beat.

VII.

In vain you try each Chymic Power,
 Trace to its Spring the Sanguine Wave ;
 And kindly search *each* healing Flower
 For Helps to guard us from the Grave :
 In endless Bloom to bid us live,
 Which THOU, nor THEY (Alas) can give.

VIII. One

VIII.

One certain Fate by Heaven decreed,
 In spite of Thee we all must try ;
 When from her bursting Prison freed,
 The mounting Soul shall *claim* the Sky :
 Our Sons must once lament our Doom,
 And shed their Sorrows round our Tomb.

IX.

Thou too shalt with pale Horror see
 The Fabled Ghosts which glare below,
 Which to the Shades, restrain'd by *Thee*,
 In thinner Shoals, descending, flow :
 And Death, whose Power you now defy,
 Shall boast, her Conqueror *can* Die.

X. *His*

.IXV.

His Life, alone is greatly blest;
 Whom no intruding Griefs annoy;
 Who smiles each happy Day, possess'd
 Of cheerful Ease, and harmless Joy:
 Nor sadly loathing his own Cares,
 Augments himself the Weight he bears.

.XXI.

Pleas'd, with a few selected Friends,
 He views each smiling Evening close;
 While each succeeding Morn ascends,
 Charg'd with Delights, unmark'd with Woes:
 In Pleasures innocently gay,
 Wears the Remains of Life away.

